VOTIVVM CAROLO,

OR

A WELCOME to his Sacred

MAJESTY

CHARLES the II.

From the Master and Scholars of *Woodstock*-School in the County of *Oxford.*

Printed in the Year 1660.

49
12

To the Right Honourable His Excellency

GEORGE MONCK,

KNIGHT of the moſt Noble Order of the *Garter*, Maſter of His Sacred MAJESTYES Horſe, AND LORD GENERALL of the Army of *England*, &c.

Moſt Noble Sir,

I Am a ſtranger to your *Perſon*; but no man is a ſtranger to your *Name* and *Worth*. I *love* you for what you *are*; I *honour* You for what you have *done*; I cannot ſay, which is greateſt in You, your *Vertue*, or your *Valour*; your *Prudence*, or your *Loyalty*.

His *Majeſtie's* Return is (under God) your *glory*, and our *Comfort*: we did not enjoy *our ſelves*, when we wanted *him*. It was my *ſorrow*, yet my *Allegiance*, to drop ſome *Tears* upon His Majeſty's Royall *Fathers Tomb*; in thoſe Teares there was then, as ſomething of *duty*, ſo much of *danger* too. It is now my *Ambition*, and yet my *Loyalty*, to offer ſome *Devotion* at his *Majeſty's Throne*. Our former *loſſe* of the *Royall Father* was by

Death, our preſent *enjoyment* of his *Royal Son*, is by a kind of *Reſurrection*. Indeed, our *deſires* for his Sacred Majeſty's Return, were never grown ſo much as *faint* or *weak*; but, our *Hopes*, a few Months ſince, were almoſt *Dead*; we had Reaſon enough to *long* for Our *Soveraigne*, but little ground ſo ſoon to *expect* him: Now, bleſſed be *God*, who, by *you* his Glorious *Inſtrument*, hath *diſappointed* our *fears*, and, in mercy *prevented* our *Hopes*, and brought in our *King* the *Object* of both.

I have ſuffered my *young Scholars* to uſe his *Majeſty's* Name in *Verſe*; I hope, they have not *profaned* it. If, for this, I *need* his Majeſty's *Pardon*, I truſt, your *Excellency* will *beg* it for me. Children are the *Hopes* of *Gods* Kingdome, and his *Majeſty's* too; my work is, to teach them *Religion*, *Loyalty*, and *Learning*; *Religion* towards their *GOD*; *Loyalty* towards their *KING*; and *Learning* to fit them for the ſervice of *both*. Beſides, I cannot better evidence *my own* Allegiance, then by Teaching young Gentlemen *Theirs*.

Sir,

I dare not put this *Paper* into his Majeſty's *hand*; it's higheſt *Ambition* is to fall down before His *footſtool*; I dare not preſent it to any *Noble-man*, but *Your ſelfe*; It is *above* all other Perſons, though not for its *worth*, yet for its *Subject*; the *mercy*, we *enjoy*, under *God*, we *enjoy* by *You*; the *Acknowledgments*, we *return*, under *God*, we *Return* to *You*. I am, among Thouſands,

Your EXCELLENCIES *moſt humble ſervant*.

Francis Gregory.

The Scholars to the Reader.

In theſe Verſes you may expect many *expreſſions of* joy, none *of* wit. *Expreſſions may not be* light, *where the* ſubject *is* Majeſty. *It is as hard a* Task *to bear the* heigth *of* joy *with* ſobriety, *as the* depth *of* ſorrow *with* Patience. *Joy, when it is in exceſſe, (and ſuch is ours) doth not ſo much* heighten *as* Tranſport *and* Raviſh. *The* Product *of our brain muſt needs be* poor *and* beggarly, *when our* Paſſion *groweth* Head-ſtrong *and* Plunders *our* Reaſon. *Such is our joy for the long deſired Returne of his* Majeſty, *that we are even beſide* our ſelves, *and no wonder then, if we are beſide* our wits *too. It is not our deſign to Proclaim our* learning, *but our* Loyalty; *we care not to paſſe under the name of* bad Poets, *if we may but prove our ſelves* good ſubjects. *Indeed, it may look like ambition in* ſchool-boyes *to be in* Print; *But, if* young Students *at* Oxford *doe* much *this way, why may not* we *at* Woodſtock *doe a* little? *we think,* Poetry *is no more confin'd to* Gownes *and* Caps, *then* Philoſophy *to* Beards. *It is our* hope *ere long to* reach *the* Univerſity, *we ſuppoſe, it is not our* Crime *to* follow *it now; indeed to have got the* ſtart *and met the* KING, before *the* Univerſitie, *had not been in us* good manners, *but yet to* follow *it, Proves our great* diſadvantage. *Our* Woodſtock *Verſes after thoſe of* Oxford, *muſt needs ſeem as dul as a* Country Homily *after a* St Mary's Sermon. *If Univerſity men ſhall* read our *verſes, we muſt entreat them*

firſt

first to forget their own. *Yet, not as if we like* Plagiaries, *had* ſtolne *any of theirs, ſurely if we are* Theeves, *we are* fools *too; 'tis not only* diſhoneſty *but* imprudence *to bring ſtolne goods ſo* quickly *to ſo* neer *a* market, *and expoſe them to ſale at the right* Owners door. *Our* Expreſſions *are ſomewhat like the* Aire *we live in,* Thin *enough, but not* piercing; *though our* School *be* neerer, *yet our wits and* fancies *are* above ſix miles *from* Oxford. *However, what we* would *have done,* accept; *what we have done,* excuſe; *it will be our* honour, *if our Gracious* Soveraign *pleaſe but to reckon us among his* Minor Poets.

To

To his Excellency the right Honourable *GEORGE MONCK* Lord Generall of the Armies of *England*, &c.

YOur Pardon, *Sir*, that *We* now uſe your *Name*,
To *after ages* we would bear your *fame*.
All we *can* ſay, fals *ſhort*; yet our next *age*
Will ne're *believe*, what's *done* on *Englands* ſtage.
We can't believe *our ſelves*; your *acts* ſo *high*
Tranſcend our *faith*, and yet *done* in our *Eye*.
We ſeem as yet but men that *dream*; and ſee
Such actions *done* indeed which can *not be*.
Blame not our future Age; if *they* deny
To *truſt* our *Tongues*, when *we diſtruſt* our *Eye*.
We *ſee*, yet *doubt*; we wrong our *ſelves* and *you*,
We cannot yet *believe*, what *Monck* can *doe*.
'Tis *ſure*, that *CHARLES*, Great *CHARLES*, is come; yet when
We think how much *oppos'd*, we *fear* agen.
Our *feares* and *hopes* between themſelves are rackt,
We *fear* the *Wonder*, when we *hope* the *act*.
England, ſtill ſtand and *wonder*; yet at laſt
Believe the *Conqueſt*, ſince the *Triumph's paſt*.
Tis *ſtrange*, but *true*; thy King *is* come; begin
To pay for *Duty* what of late was *ſin*.

But

But *how* came *CHARLES* again? O ſure, here's all
That can be ſaid: *Brave MONCK'S* our *Generall.*
O England, ſtill adore thy God, and ſince
Thou waſt a *ſlave* to *ſubjects*, *love* thy *Prince.*
Wee'd raiſe *MONCK'S* Name above the *Sphear* of *men*,
As *he* the *ſword*, could *we* but uſe the *Pen.*

F. GREGORY.

Upon

Upon the Returne of his Sacred MAJESTY *CHARLES the Second*, *KING* of England, &c.

Carmen Gratulatorium & Votivum.

BUt is it true? did *Angels* this newes bring?
So *great* and yet ſo *good*! a *Saint* and *King*?
Sure tis not one that's born of *mortal* race;(*grace*?
An *head* that's crown'd with *gold*? an *heart* with
Were not great *Britaines King* confin'd in *Spain*,
I ſhould believe 'tis *he* that's come againe.
Or doe his *Subjects* know at length their *leſſe*?
If *CHARLES* ſtill want his *Crown*, they'l want *no croſſe*.
It muſt be *he*, or elſe ſome *God's* come down
To change an *Heav'nly*, for an *Earthly* Crown.
But lo, 'tis *CHARLES* indeed! *He*, *He* alone
A *Chriſtian every where*; a *King* in's *Throne*.
But may I *creep* into his *Preſence*? may
I to his *Crown* of *gold* adde *Crownes* of *Bay*?
When *others* ſlay their *Hecatombs*, may *wee*
Bring but our *Dove*, and yet *accepted* bee?
All *preſents* are below *him*, leſſe then's right;
There's no more worth ith' *Talent*, then ith' *Mite*.
We owe him *Twelve yeares* duty; our *Arreares*
Can n'ere be paid, except by *Prayers* and *Teares*.

His *Principall* muſt needs be *loſt*; pay th' beſt
We can, t'will not amount to th' *Intereſt*.
Our future *Loyalty* is *Debt*, no more;
Paying *new Debts* don't quit our *former ſcore*.
But ſince we wrong'd a *Prince*, it's well, 'tis *He*
That *ſpares* the *neck*, if wee'l but *bow* the *Knee*.
'Tis not *revenge*, but *mercy*, dwels in's breſt,
A *Rebel*, if repenting, he loves *beſt*.
You, that are *Guilty ſoules*, fall down at's *Throne*,
An *Halter bring*, you'l *goe away* with *none*.
You, that have *injur'd CHARLES* your *King*, draw neer
And *weep*; no ſatisfaction like a *Tear*.
How ready's *He* to *pardon*! O that they,
That once *rebell'd*, were ready to *obey*!
Subjects reſtore your *Prince*, what ere's his *due*;
'Tis *much* you owe him, his *own Lands* and *You*.
Build up his *Royall Houſes*; build them all,
And let them looſe, but *Rubbiſh*, by their fall;
But 'till you build up thoſe by *coſt* and *art*,
CHARLES ſhall not want an *Houſe*, 'till *I* an *Heart*,
And now accept my welcome, *Britaines* King,
Had I a *Pen*, I'de *write*; a *voice*, I'de *ſing*.
Could I as eaſ'ly *do* as *wiſh*; no *Gemme*
Should ere be wanting to thy *Diadem*.
Were th' *Indies* mine, yet *gold* how ſhould I want
To make a *Crown*? I fear, t'would be too *ſcant*.
Thou art *above* our Preſents; yet will we
The want of *Gifts* ſupply by *Loyaltie*.
Long live, *Great CHARLES*; go on, *Dread Sir*, go on,
Go, conquer *hands* abroad, but *Hearts* at home.
Thy *Crown* may fade; thy *fame* ſhall neer be ſpent,
If *Proſe* or *Verſe* can make a *Monument*.

Fran: Gregory.

BUt why ſo, churliſh Porter? why not *I*?
May none, but *Nobles*, wait on's *Majeſty*?
What? roome for none but *Princes* richly dreſt?
CHARLES ev'n for *Peaſants* hath a room in's *breſt*.
Come, come, let's in; come ſhut the *Gate* no more,
We do not come to *beg*, but to *adore*,
See, ſee, what *crowds* are here! I dare to ſay
Here is ſome *fair*, or *market* kept too day.
Surely, we ſhould have paid ſome *Tole* at th' doore,
I doubt, the *Porter* will let's in no more.
But who's that yonder in an *Ermyn Gown*?
A *Scepter* in his *hand*, on's *head* a *Crown*?
Sure 'tis the *King*; peace, peace, ſtand ſtill, fall down.
I never ſaw ſuch *Majeſty*! I fear,
It is *high treaſon* to *approach thus* near.
Let's *worſhip* and *away*; fools were we, when
We thought, that *Kings* and *Princes* had been *men*!

Willoughbeus D'ewes Baronetta.

TEll me, my ſoule, am I a *dream'd* or no!
It can't be *True*; I'm ſure, 'tis *ſtrange*, if ſo!
And yet what meanes this mighty *Triumph?* why
Is *England* cloth'd with ſo much *Gallantry?*
Do'ſt thou not yonder ſee a Glorious *Train?*
Do not our *Nobles* wear their *ſtarres* again?
Nothing but *cloth* of *ſilver?* O what light
Shines round, as if the *Sun* were grown *more bright?*
See how the *Miniſters* do *joy* and *crack*,
As if they would no more wear *Mourning black!*
Where ſtands the City? where doth *London* dwel?
What? is each *Citizen* confin'd in's *Cel?*
No men in *London?* ſtrange! what? *empty* ſtreet?
The *Citizens* are gone ſome *God* to meet.
Heark, heark, what ſound of *Trumpets* do I hear?
Surely the *Deity* approcheth *neer.* (the thing!
'Tis *CHARLES*, 'Tis *CHARLES* our *Prince*; That, that's
Welcome, dread *Sov'raign!* Welcome, O our *King!*
Hold, hold, my ſoul! forbear! O why ſhould I,
Inſtead of *Duty*, ſhew *Idolatry?*
Hold, hold, my joyfull eye? Thy *Teares* don't ſpil,
O do not thou drop *Ink* into my *Quil.*
I can't forbear to worſhip *CHARLES*; no leſſe
Will ſerve my ſoul, *undone* with *Happineſſe:*
How ſhall I vent my *Heart!* what ſhall I ſay?
Dread SIR? my Soul's too full to *ſpeak*; Ile *Pray.*
God bleſſe our *Church*; our *King*, O *God*, ſtill own;
Give him an *Earthly Crown*, and *Heavenly Throne.*

Abrahamus Gregory, Gen. filius.

BRing forth the *royall robes*; the *ſcarlet gowne*,
Now *CHARLES* our *King* takes his Imperiall *Crowne*.
Sound all the *Trumpets*, and let each *Gun* ſing
An Honourable *Welcome* to our *King*.
England rejoyce, thy Prince returned is;
Thine *owne Head*, thou wilt Crowne, whil'ſt thou crown'ſt *His*.
Whil'ſt that with gliſtering *Gemmes* His Head ſhall *Shine*,
It is the *Weight* proves His, the *Glory* thine.

Georgius Fleetwood Baronis filius.

CEaſe now to talke of *Caſars*, *CHARLES* is *Hee*,
That in the World will th'only *Monarch* bee.
Though He is *High*, He knowes no *pride*; His *Throne*
To mount Him nigher *Heaven*, doth ſerve alone.
CHARLES is a *Subject* to *Himſelfe*; and Hee,
That doth *Command*, *Obedient* will be.
Nor is He onely *Good*, but *Great*; what man
Was both ſo great a *King* and *Chriſtian*?
What man had *Faith* (Great *CHARLES*) ſo *ſtrong* as Thine?
Thou art a ſecond *Engliſh Conſtantine*.
O may that *Cloud*, that did *obſcure* Thy light,
Serve but to render *Thee* to us more *Bright*.
Nor let us ſtrive T'*eclipſe* that *Light*, from whom
The brighteſt *Splendour*, that we have, doth come.
What though our *Nobles* like to *Starres* appeare?
Theſe Starres ſhine not, unleſſe the *Sun* be nere.

Bertius Fleetwood Equitis aurati filius.

ARiſe, *Great CHARLES*, ariſe, O *Glorious King*,
And turne our Twelve yeares *Winter* to a *Spring*.
How faine would *England* ſee her Prince? how faine
Would all thy *Subjects* ſee their *King* againe?
As yet we *hope*, and *feare*: we *joy* and *moan*,
Longing to ſee *Great CHARLES* upon His *Throne*:
Thou art more welcome then the *Sun*: we ſee
How bright *Thy Rayes*, even at a *diſtance*, bee;
Surely that man's a *Foole*, that now will ſay,
It is the *Sun above*, that makes the *Day*.

Carolus Cocks Armigeri filius

SOrrowes be gone; this day our *joyes* begin,
Teares, once our *duty*, now would be our *ſin*,
We wept upon the *Father's Shrine* that's gone,
But now wee'll *dance* about the *Throne* of's *Son*.
Sighs well become the *Fun'rall* of a *King*,
None fit for *Crowning* dayes, but ſuch as *Sing*.
Rejoyce ye *Peeres* of *England*, *CHARLES* is come,
Yee *Starres* attend the motion of the *Sunne*.
This is a *double Coronation* day,
The *King* is Crown'd with Gold, and we with *Bay*.

Henry Cope Heroinæ filius.

WHat *Nation*, now hath greater cauſe then *wee*
To turne their *Mourning* into *Melody*?
Wee, who for *griefe* did once with *teares* lament,
Should weep for *joy*, were not our teares all ſpent.
Wee *ſhowred* teares when our late *Sun* did *ſet*,
Would wee at's *riſing* could ſome few *drops* let.
We ſure, who in whole yeares of *night* did lye,
'Iδὲ ὁ φῶς can't but with joy cry.
Not that *it* gets by acclamations loud,
The *Sun*'s a *Sun* though hidden in a *Cloud*.
'Tis for our *owne ſakes* (Great *CHARLES*) that we ſing.
You need not *Subjects*, but *wee* need a *King*.
When we loſt *CHARLES*, our *ſelves* then ſure we loſt,
The loſſe of th'*Head* the *Members* life did coſt.
Drowned in *teares*, the *Realme*, that lately lay,
Now ſeeth with *joy* it's *Reſurrection* day.
Our *Sun* hath dry'd thoſe floods of *teares*; and wee,
That in them *dead* did lye, *enlivened* bee.
What is more ſtrange? how wondrous is this thing?
That ev'n *North winds* ſhould this yeare bring our *Spring*.
Honour'd by all let noble MONCK now live;
Their right, to *God* and *Cæſar*, he doth give.
Perfect (Great *Hero*) what thou haſt begun,
In th'*end*'s the *Crowne*; leave not till *that* be done.
Surely that day will be the *longeſt*, when
Great *CHARLES* the Second takes his *Diadem*.
For when the *Sun* ſhall ſee His glittering Crowne,
Hee'll ſtop his Coach to gaze, and not goe downe.
And when that's done, with joy we *Hymmes* ſhall ſing,
The *Burden* ſtill ſhall be, GOD SAVE THE KING.

Georgius Goodman Gen. filius.

WElcome Great *CHARLES*, welcome our royall *King*,
Would we a *hymn* becoming Thee could sing!
But O our wishes are in vain; sure He,
That is a *King*, in verse can't *measur'd* be.
How then, Alas! shall such a sneaks, as I,
Attempt the measuring of a *Deity?*
Thy *graces* sure are more then *Three*; thy praise,
Though th' *Muses nine* should sing, they could not raise.
Fit for *Thy fame*, none e're will find a *pen*,
Unlesse the *Gods* should drop down *quils* to men.

Henricus Stratford, Armigeri filius.

TYrants instead of *Peace* did give us *Strife*,
They gave us *death*, but *Thou* dost give us *Life*;
When *Thou* wast gone, thy *Members* all were *dead*,
It was no wonder, for they lost their *Head*.

Let sorrows cease, now comes Great *Britains King*,
And shall not we on him some Verses sing?
Who from *Ægyptian Bondage* set's us free,
And from a *Common-wealth* of *Misery*.

Johannes Cocks Armig. filius.

IS *CHARLES* a coming, what to Him shall wee
Present in token of our *Loyalty?*
At sight of Him shall *teares* our cheekes run downe?
Though *teares* are *pearles*, they don't become a *Crowne*.
We have no *golden* Crownes to send; for wee
Poëts have none, but what of *Laurell* bee.
We wanting gold, our *Muses* us command
To put a *golden verse* into his hand.

Tobias Chauncy Armig. filius.

ENgland behold thy *Lord*, thy *King*, thy *Sun*;
Whoſe *Glory* ſhines, before *himſelfe* is come.
How *lov'd* before once *ſeen*! His *Majeſty*
Raviſht our *hearts*, before it fil'd our *eye*.
Welcome, Great *CHARLES*, now welcome *Kingly Power*,
Welcome ſweet *Calm* after our ſtormy *ſhower*.
Thy *troubles* prove thy *glory*; 'tis thy *gaine*,
That thou waſt once confin'd to *France* and *Spaine*.
That which men *want*, they *prize* the more; and ſince
We *curſt* a Common-wealth, w'*adore* a *Prince*.
Our *love* had been the *leſſe* had *CHARLES* been here,
His *diſtance* made him unto us more *neere*.

Johannes Blincowe, Gen. filius.

SHall *I*? what *I*? poor *ſchool-boy* undertake
A verſe on *ſuch* a ſubject for to make?
CHARLES is a Subject that becomes the Pen
Onely of Doctours, Biſhops, Nobler Men.
For *ſchool-boyes* 'tis too high a theame; on it
An *Ovid* now might exerciſe his *wit*.
But yet ſo *gracious* is our *Prince*, that *Boyes*,
Who have no *wit*, are welcome ev'n with *toyes*:
Pardon, *Dread Sir*, this crime; O pardon one
That only begs to *fall* before your *Throne*.

Johannes Rogers, Miniſtri filius.

THou, that like th' dayſy, *England*, did'ſt combine
Thy ſelfe to *ſhut*, becauſe *CHARLES* did not *ſhine*,
May'ſt now *rejoyce*, to ſee what *Heaven* hath done,
Thy *Sun* is *riſing*, and thy *night* is *gone*;
As *Sol* dries up the *dew*, when he doth riſe,
So *CHARLES*, thy *Sun*, *teares* dropping from thy eyes:
When any *broken member's* ſet, we're glad,
And haſt not thou much cauſe of joy, who'ſt had,
Thy *head cut off*, and *ſet* again? (ô ſure
Monck's a rare workman, that hath wrought *this* cure?)
Tis 'th *Indians* joy to ſee the ſun appeare,
When they have been i'th dark but *halfe* a *yeare*;
And wilt not *thou* rejoice to ſee the light,
When thou haſt been it'h dark a *ten yeares night*?
O henceforth *love* thy *King*: ô curſed be,
That *hand*, which with *this Head* doth diſagree.

Robert Wild, Miniſtri filius.

PArdon (*Great Sir*) in worthleſſe *Rhythmes*, though we
Doe *mete* that joy, which cannot *meaſur'd* be;
If that ſome *golden lines* our pens could write,
To grace this *golden age*, they were too *ſlight*;
Much leſſe may theſe my *Muſes* threadbare Rhythmes,
Which is the *all*, my *nothing* gives theſe times;
O *Men*! won't *ye* rejoice to ſee your *King*!
Behold! the very *birds* for *joy* do ſing;
Each *creature* welcomes *CHARLES*; go, view our downes,
And ſee how pretty *lambs* in milke white gownes
Do *leap* for joy! the *woods*, condemn'd to die,
To ſee their *King*, put on their *bravery*;
How great a ſenſe of joy in *trees* appeares,
The *barke* muſt be their *eye*, the *ſap* their *teares*?
What wa'ſt, that made ſo *backward* this years *ſpring*?
The *fields* ſure *kept* their flowers for their *King*.

John Wilde, Miniſtri filius.

In reditum ſereniſſimi Principis CAROLI *Secundi &c.*

QUò properat ingens Turba Magnatum? ſimul
Quò tenditis Procerum Greges?
Vacuam relinquunt cur Senatores domum?
Et urbe cives exeunt?
Ecquis Monarcha venit in Britanniam
Comitante nobilium Choro?
Ecquis Deorum fertur Anglorum domos
Viſiſſe? certè Jupiter.
Quis non potentis patitur Influxum Dei
Sentitque Vicinum jubar?
Deum fatemur; rapimur in Cœlum Enthei;
Sacramque patimur Ecſtaſin.
En! Sol Britannus rediit in cœlum ſuum
Eunte Pompa Siderum!
En! Rex Britannus rediit in regnum ſuum
Eunte Pompa Principum!
Jam Roma taceas quicquid Auguſtum tenes;
Taceas Trophæa Cœſarum.
Jò Triumphe? Carolus noſter venit!
Numen colendum Carolus!
Geminemus Jo! Carolus, noſter venit
Quo nemo major Principum!

Princeps ſerene, Quos trahis tecum? unicus
Nec abfuiſti, nec redis;
Tecum exulavit Quicquid eſt Sanctum & pium,
Tecum rediit Eccleſia.

Redeunte Rege, rediit & Regnum simul:
Tecum exulavit Anglia.
Sic nos Iberus vicerat sine sanguine,
O Quale vincendi genus!
Gentem Triumphatam tulit, qui Carolo est
Potitus & Britannia.

Sed quæ ferantur dona jam reduci Deo?
Tantum quis excipiat Jovem?
Sacro Coronam Capite quis dignam paret
Sceptrumve sat dignum manu!
Si quotquot Indi divites Gemmas tenent
Donemus, ah certè parum est!
Stolas feremus fulgidas? Diademata?
O munus indignum Deo!
Si Thura demus, si quis Aras struxerit
Centum licet, nimium putes?
Ubi jam sacerdos? quis parat Centum boves
Reduci Sacram Hecatomben Iovi?
Sic sic, litandum Carolo est; alios Deos
Decent minores Hostiæ.
Auguste Princeps, floreat regnum Tuum;
Vigeatque tecum Ecclesia.
Vivas per Annos Nestoris, Vivas, precor,
Amor Angliæ, mundi Timor.

At cùm dierum fessus ingratæ exues
Mortalitatis Rudera,
Ascende Cœlos, & Thronum Novum, indue
Novam Coronam Gloriæ.
Comes Angelorum non minoris Ordinis
O fulgeas Sidus Novum!
Ducas Triumphos: & Beatorum Choros,
Deo secundus & Patri.

Franciscus Gregorius.

AUguſte Princeps, liceat & Pueris ſuum
Excipere redeuntem Patrem!
Infans Poeta quisquis in Cunis jacet,
Quàm ſentit influxum tuum!
Uno Poeta naſcor in Die; puto
De Cœlo adeſſe Apollinem.
Fallor profectò, fallor: & falli velim:
Ecce, ecce venit Carolus!
Princeps ſerenus, Carolus; Britanniæ
Abſens dolor, Præſens Deus.
Jam tollat animos Anglia, infelix diu,
Jam dives ob damnum ſuum.
Gaudete Divûm Templa; veſtrorum venit
Vindex Deorum Carolus.
Gaudete Procerum turba; jam veſtris redit
Lumen coruſcans ſtellulis.
Nonne & Miniſtris gaudium eſt ingens, redux
Pietas, fides, Eccleſia?
Quin & triumphet populus? O ponat minas,
Nimium gravis Plebecula.
Cohors Togata gaudeat; ſcribat ſuo
Panegyrin dignam Deo.
Scribant Pœtæ; carmen, etiam infans, velim
Vagire, ſi nequeam loqui.

Abrahamus Gregory, Gen. filius.

ANglia, quanta tibi Carolus fert gaudia Princeps?
Defuncto vitam dat Carolus Populo:
Spes vitæ cum rege redit; quæ gaudia nobis?
Omnia si scribam, deficerent calami.

Willoughby Dewes Baronetta.

ANglia, quæ multos jacuit defuncta per annos,
Unde capit vitam nunc rediviva novam?
Perdiderant Proceres tanquam astra cadentia, lumen;
Jam cœlo incipiunt unde micare suo?
Tu Lumen Stellis das; vitam, Carole, membris;
Sic te Terrestrem novimus esse Deum.

Carolus Cocks Armigeri filius.

DE Carolo quare tento componere versus?
Hoc est Nasoni Virgilioque nimis;
Ecce puer nequeam Carolinas scribere laudes,
Ni Carolus calamum commodet ipse suum.

Johannes Cocks Armigeri filius.

GAudia quot populo fers tu fortissime Regum?
Cum desis, Populo nil nisi mœror adest.
Quod dicunt, falsum est, ignoti nulla cupido;
Cognitus es paucis, omnibus at cuperis.

Richardus Woodward Gen: filius.

Ἐρχομένου Καρόλου χαίρονται πάντες ἀοιδοί,
Πᾶσι δὲ τοῖς δήμοις ἠνὶ δέδωκε Βίον.
Οὐ θαῦμ' ἐστιν ἐμοί, ὅτιπερ τέθνηκε τὸ σῶμα,
Κάρολος ἡ κεφαλὴ αὐτὸς ἄπεσκεν ἄναξ.

Carolus Cocks Armig. filius.

Χαίρετε νῦν δῆμοι, νῦν χαίρετε χάρματα πολλὰ,
Κάρολος ἦλθε μέγας, δέρκετε, ἦλθε Βίος.
Αἰτία ἦν δακρύων, χαίρειν νῦν δ' αἰτία, ἦμαρ
Πολλῦς, νὺξ μεγάλου ἄλγεος, ὀστὶ χαρᾶς.

Johannes Rogers Ministri filius.

Τὴν φήμην ταύτην ἔρχωνται πάντες ἀκούειν,
Ἣ φήμη ἀγαθὴ εἴποτε, αὕτη ἔη.
Οἱ διὰ τὸν θρῆνον πάντες πάλαι ἄνδρες ἐκλαιον,
Ναῦ διὰ γηθοσύνην, Ἐρχομένου Καρόλου.

Richardus Woodward Gen. filius.

Vpon His Sacred *MAJESTIES*

Incomparable

ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ.

Dread SIR!

COuldſt thou before thy death have *giv'n*, what we
Might *aſk*, Thy *Book* had been the *Legacie*.
Thy *will* can make but *Heirs* of *Monarchie*;
But *this* doth make each man an Heir of *Thee*.
Bleſt *Soul!* *Thou* art now mounted up on *High*,
Beyond our *Reach*, yet not above our *Eye*.
Lo here thy *other ſelfe*: Thus *Thou* canſt be
In *Heaven* and *Earth* without *Vbiquitie*.
Like *This* Thou haſt no *Picture*: So Divine
Might any *Image* be ador'd, 'twere *Thine*.
So curious is this *Work*; 'tis eaſily known,
'Twas drawn by no man's *Penſil*, but *Thine own*.
None could expreſſe a *King*, but *Thou*: We ſee
Men cannot, *Gods* may limn a *Deitie*.
The *Style* betraie's a *King*, the *art* a *man*,
The high *Devotion* ſpeake's a *Chriſtian*:
Theſe meet in *CHARLES* alone; but *He*, there's none
So fully *All*, as if he were but *One*:
How ſhort of thee is *Balzacks* Prince, He knew
Not how to *think* what thou knew'ſt how to *doe*:
Thou art the *Copie* for our *Kings*: and *He*
Shall ſtill be *beſt*, that frame's Himſelfe by *Thee*

Thy

Thy *Work's* a practick *Pattern* for thy *Son*,
Who, having this, ſhall need no *Xenophon*.
They that would know thy *Parts*, muſt read *Thee*: Look,
You'l find each *Line* a *Page*, each *Page* a *Book*:
Each *Comma* is ſo full, each *Colon* good,
'Tis Pitie, death did put a *Period*,
Great *Tullie* had been ſilenc'd amongſt men,
Had but thy *Tongue* been equall to Thy *Pen*:
But this *Defect* doth prove Thy *skil* more choice,
That makes the *Eccho* ſweeter then the *voice*:
Our *Bodley's* ſhelves will now be full; No man
Will want more Books; This one's a *Vatican*.
Yet 'tis but *CHARLES contracted*: Since His *fall*,
Heav'n hath the *Volumne*, *Earth* the *Manual*.

F. GREGORY.

Printed in 1648.

On the *Martyrdom* of His late *MAJESTY.*

COme, come, lets *Mourn*; all *eies*, that ſee this *Day*,
Melt into *Showres*, and *weep* your ſelves *away*:
O that each *Private* head could yield a *Floud*
Of *Teares*, whil'ſt *Britain's Head* ſtream's out His *Bloud*;
Could we pay what His *Sacred Drops* might claim,
The *world* muſt needs be *drowned* once again.
Hands cannot *write* for trembling; let our *Eie*
Supply the *Quill*, and ſhed an *Elegie*.
Tongues cannot *ſpeak*; this *Griefe* know's no ſuch vent,
Nothing, but *ſilence*, can be *Eloquent*.
Words are not *here* ſignificant; in *This*
Our *Sighs*, our *Groans* bear all the *Emphaſis*.
Dread *SIR*! What ſhall we ſay? *Hyperbole*
Is not a *Figure*, when it ſpeak's of *thee*;
Thy *book* is our beſt *Language*; what to this
Shall e're be added, is Thy *Meiöſis*:
Thy *Nam's* a *Text* too hard for *us*: no *men*
Can *write* of it, without *Thy parts* and *pen*.

Thy *priſons*, *Scornes*, *Reproach*, and *poverty*.
(Though theſe were thought too *courteous Injury*.)
How could'ſt thou bear? Thou meeker *Moſes*, how?
Was ever *Lion* bit with *whelps* till now
And did not roar? Thou *England's David*, how

Did

Did *Shimei's* Tongue not move Thee? where's the man?
Where is the *King? CHARLES* is all *Christian.*
Thou never wanted'ſt *Subjects*, no; when they
Rebell'd, thou mad'ſt Thy *Paſſions* to obey.
Had'ſt Thou regain'd Thy *Throne* of ſtate by *power*,
Thou had'ſt not then been more a *Conquerour.*
But *thou*, thine own *ſoul's Monarch*, art above
Revenge and *anger*, Can'ſt Thou tame Thy *Love?*
How could'ſt Thou bear thy *Queen's* Divorce? muſt Shee
At once Thy *wife*, and yet Thy *Widdow* be?
Where are Thy tender *Babes*, once Princely bred,
Thy choiceſt *jewels*, are They *Sequeſtred?*
Where are Thy *Nobles?* Lo, in ſtead of theſe
Baſe ſavage *Villains*, and thine enemies:
Egyptian Plague! 'twas only *Pharaoh's* doom,
To ſee ſuch *Vermin* in His *Lodging* room.
What *Guards* are ſet, what *watches* do they keep?
They do not think Thee ſafe, though Lock't in *Sleep.*
Would they confine thy *Dreames* within to dwell,
Nor let thy *Fancie* paſſe their *Centinel?*
Are Thy *Devotions* dangerous? Or do
Thy *Praiers* want a *Guard?* Theſe faultie too?
Varlets, 'twas onely, when they ſpake for *You.*

But loe a charg is drawn, a day is ſet,
The ſilent *LAMB* is brought, the *Wolves* are met.
Law is arraign'd of *Treaſon*, *Peace* of *War*,
And *Juſtice* ſtand's a *Priſoner* at the *Bar.*
This *Scene* was like the *Paſſion-Tragedie*,
His *Saviour's Perſon* none could Act, but *He.*
Behold, what *Scribes* were here, what *Phariſees!*
What *bands of Souldiers!* what falſe *witneſſes!*
Here was a *Prieſt*, and that a *Chiefe* one; who
Durſt ſtrike at *God*, and his *Vicegerent* too:
There *Pilate*, *Bradſhaw* here, the *worſe* of th' Twain,
Pilate for *Fear*, *Bradſhaw* condemn'd for *gain.*

Wretch! could'ſt not thou be rich, till *CHARLES* was dead?
Thou might'ſt have took the *Crown*, yet ſpar'd the *Head*.
Th' haſt juſtifi'd that *Roman* judg; He ſtood
And waſh't *in water*, thou haſt dipt *in Blood*.
And where's the *Slaughter-Houſe*? *White-hall* muſt be
Lately His *Palace*, now his *Calvarie*.
Great *CHARLES*, is this thy dying place? and where
Thou waſt our *King*, art thou our *Martyr* there?
Thence, *thence* Thy Soul took flight; and *there* will we
Not ceaſe to *mourn*, where thou did'ſt ceaſe to *be*.
And thus, *bleſt ſoul*, Hee's gon: a *ſtar*, whoſe fall
As no *Eclips* prove's *Oecumenicall*.
That wretch had *skill* to ſin, whoſe hand did know
How to behead *three* Kingdomes at *one* blow.
England hath loſt the Influence of Her *King*,
No wonder that ſo backward was her *Spring*.
O diſmall day! but yet how *quickly* gon?
It muſt be ſhort, Our *Sun* went down at *Noon*.
And now, ye *Senators*, is this the thing
So oft declar'd? Is this your *Glorious King*?
Did you by *Oaths* your *God*, and *Country* mock,
Pretend a *Crown*, and yet prepare a *Block*?
Did you, that ſwore you'd Mount *CHARLES* higher yet,
Intend the *Scaffold* for His *Olivet*?
Was this, *hail Maſter*? Did you *bow* the *knee*
That you might *murder* him with *Loyaltie*?
Alas! *Two* Deaths! what *Cruelty* was this?
The *Ax* deſign'd, you might have ſpar'd the *Kiſs*.
But ceaſe from Teares. *CHARLES* is moſt bleſt of men;
A *God* on *earth*, *more* then a *Saint* in *Heaven*.

F. GREGORY.

Printed in 1648.

FINIS.